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December:

And daily tatters off the bedding throne,
A few brief days shall pass are scorched and
And crown him, and all the signs of royal
power, shall surge to mark the new-born ruler
king.
Dumbly closes in the annual train,
And ends the cycle of our dying year,
A solemn stillness fills the air and earth,
Like southern skies, ere bursts the raging
storm.
Or brooding silence, deep, which waits
The earthquake shock, and hushes the pul-
sant, silent dies the aged year, and leaves
us heirs of heritage of coming days,
To fill the void with life, and challenge up,
And leave the old, but fruitless bygone
of yore, with all its joys and sorrows in the new
to carve a lesson on our future days.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.—To be a Christian
means kindness. To have been delivered
from the bondage of sin, is to be
into the kingdom of God's dear Son. So has it
been for every such man it is every divine
affluence. God, in thus exalting any one

[illegible][illegible]

not seen made such that I might imagine
 even now speak this word or do this deed?
 There is no resting this appeal. Only
 the name of Christ; only the name of
 name of Christian; only as we turn back
 into the world, and deny that God's love
 has ever raged upon us, and the blood of
 His Son has ever sprinkled us, only by dis-
 owning our new birth and disclaiming the
 presence of God's grace can we say that
 this appeal is not made to us. As long as
 we call ourselves Christians, no matter what
 our sins, we are bound to answer to the
 we learned or ignorant, be we of great or
 little influence, be we in the vigor of health
 or in the weakness and solitude of sickness,
 or in the infirmities of our manhood or
 the decrepitude and feebleness of our old
 being Christians, we are to show ourselves
 Christ; putting our Christ into all our
 which are ever before us, which will
 long as life abides. — *Rev. G. B. Spaulding*

has been very hard, and to those whose way of life is becoming hard because they are becoming like the others, I have a message: coming into this world, God has distinguished the memory of dreams and God's distinct, like the memory of dreams. Listen, then, from these sounds that come wafting over from the other land – of joys that are undimmed and of sorrows that are undimmed – from God, Ar all the good things that earth can give you, and all that wealth can purchase, chase, no longer palatable to you? Do you desire your life to be well lived under the sun, and your experience almost as barren as the wilderness?

When after the weary voyage that I first made across the ocean, sick, loathsome, and weary, I came to the shore, I found myself holding on crawling, thinking that I was but a worm. I smelt in the air some strange smell; and I said to the captain, "What is that smell?" "It is the smell of the land of Ireland," he said. I smelt; then, I smelt the grass, I smelt the leaves; and all my miseries departed from me; my eyes grew bright, my nostrils were gone. The strength of the smell was gone, and I was left with the smell of the land of Ireland.

me. And then afar off I saw the dim line
of land, joy baine and gave me health, and
from that moment I had neither sickness nor
trouble, and I was glad to be alive.
Oh! is there not for you, the lame,
for you, wearied mother, a land breeze blow-
ing off from heaven, wafting to you *shirts*
of holiness, and in sweetest melody, Behold
the garden of the Lord: it is not far away,
I know from the air. Behold the joy
home. Do I not tell children about it? The
land of the living, the land of the living,
Oh, how full of truth when car journey
almost done, and we stand upon the bound-
ary and precinct of that blessed land. Hold
to your faith, give no way to discouraging
words. Helms true firmly. Behold the
prayer and faith. Away with trouble
and baffling. Be happy, you are saved
by faith, you are saved. In a few hours
you will be in God's land, and you will
be in the eternal world shall be yours and you
shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.
— H. W. Beecher.

was lately found by Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale College, in the tertiary deposits of Nebraska. Although tall-grass, as ossification of the various bones prove, was only about two feet high. This is seventeen species of fossil horses now known to have lived in North America, although quite recently, it was generally believed that there were none indigenous to the continent.